MARVEL

97

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BUSCEMA

THE DAUGHTER OF SPIDER-MAN®

SPIDER-GIRL®

HERE COMES HOBGOBLIN™

The daughter of the original Spider-Man, May "Mayday" Parker has inherited her father's amazing powers. Possessing the proportionate strength, speed, and agility of a spider, as well as the ability to cling to walls, she now follows in his web-lines.

SPIDER-GIRL

PREVIOUSLY

During an encounter with *Kaine*, *Spider-Girl* experiences one of his precognitive flashes and sees herself being murdered by a member of the crime cult called the *Scriers*.

Spider-Girl and *Felicity Hardy, the Scarlet Spider*, are attacked and almost killed by a *Scrier* who later commits suicide to avoid capture.

Having learned that *Normie Osborn* is harboring the *Venom symbiote*, the *Avengers* attempt to take him into custody, but Normie turns himself over to *Raptor*, who works for the government super-team that includes *Kaine*.

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Your name is *May "Mayday" Parker*, and you are the daughter of *Spider-Man*.

The *Brotherhood of Scriers* wants you dead.

Unfortunately, they're not your *only* enemies...

HOO-HA!

This is *sooooooooo* very *cool!*

It's just like one of those classic *Green Goblin vs. Spider-Man* battles of yore.

"Yore"?!? I don't think I've *ever* heard that word outside of literature class, Uncle Phil.

It's even cornier than *"dude."*

B-but I use *"dude"* all the time.

'Nuff said!

Your dad often fought *Norman Osborn*, the original *Green Goblin* and the grandfather of your bud, *Normie*.

This is just a practice session with *Phil Urich*, the *new Green Goblin*--

--and a friend of the family so close you call him *"Uncle"*.

We haven't worked out together in a long time.

Anything special going on?

N-no...

Not *really.*

A lie--

--but you can't tell Phil about the ***Scriers.***

He'd call your parents, and they'd just *freak.*

You're already stressed enough for the entire ***Parker*** clan.

I got a little surprise for you, kid.

My all-new ***electro-taser ghost!***

Normie whipped it up for me.

Phil doesn't realize that your ***spider-sense*** warned you to close your eyes the instant he reached for it.

Whoa!

You recovered a lot faster than I thought.

Lucky me!

That's kind of the purpose of this session--to sharpen your reflexes and prepare you for the ***Scriers.***

Man, I was convinced I could tag you before-- *uh-oh!*

KZAKKKK!

Way to go! You hit the crate where I store my spare costumes.

Oops! Sorry about that, kid!

I'll make it up to you by taking you out to lunch--

--after I win this match with my good ol' *lunatic laugh!*

HA HA HA HA HA! HA HA!

You keep forgetting that Normie recently super-charged Phil's powers--

--giving him ***super-strength*** and the ability to generate his ***sonic brain-scrambler.***

But fights are won with ***skill*** as well as ***power.***

THWOK!

-UFFT-

Nicely done!

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed this workout.

Too bad Normie couldn't join us.

Phil thinks this is a game, but you keep seeing ***Scriers*** behind every corner--

--and you're still haunted by the memory of the one who killed himself to avoid being captured.

You watched while a man died--

--and did *nothing!*

So...uhhh... where is Normie, anyway?

At that very moment...

I'm very impressed, Special Agent Weadon.

How did you ever come up with the idea to build your top secret government installation under an abandoned amusement park?

I...*ummm*... can't claim all the credit, Ms. Watson.

When my superiors decided to fund this super-powered task force, they conducted a number of feasibility studies.

Am I *hallucinating*, Normie...or is your new personal assistant actually *flirting* with Weadon?

Good for them, Brenda! Everyone deserves a shot at happiness.

Ahem

It's time we got down to business, ***Mr. Osborn.***

You're part of my team now, and I expect you to carry out my orders to the best of your ability.

Careful, Weadon! You were doing so well with Kristy. Why spoil it by acting like a clueless bureaucrat?

The other members of your team are convicted felons who are working for you to avoid prison.

I am a ***volunteer.***

Hardly! You are currently bonded to the ***Venom symbiote***--*an alien creature responsible for a score of murders!*

Even if you could prove that--*and my legal team believes it can tie you up in the courts for years*--***I*** am not responsible for those crimes.

You have no leverage over me.

However, I am more than willing to join your super-team and obey your orders.

I will trade *my services* for ***Raptor.***

If she gets a *government pardon* for past crimes...you get *me.*

Arrrgh!

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

You nod off a half-dozen times, jerking awake as soon as you close your eyes.

How's it going, May? You look about as *wasted* as I feel.

I...I didn't get much sleep last night, Felicity.

Really?

After what we saw, I may never sleep again.

W-why would someone kill himself like that?

Fear of failure?

Dedication to his mission?

I did some research on this *Scrier* bunch.

These guys are *serious*, May.

If they really want you dead, your only hope is to pack up your costume and join a convent.

Don't think that hasn't occurred to me!

Listen, I'm real sorry I made such a big deal about you quitting my dad's basketball team.

You got enough problems.

Yeah, things have gotten a little out of hand.

Sounds like someone's life needs a major *makeover.*

If you really want to continue doing this hero thing, you'd better get your life under control and find a way to fix it--

--before the Scriers fix *you.*

Things just keep getting *worse.*

MIDTOWN MEDICAL CENTER

Bad enough Dad finds out he has cancer--

--he also gets slammed in the line of duty.

Your dad and brothers are counting on you to stay strong, Mo.

I...I'm *trying,* Uncle Billy--

--but I just so don't know what to *do.*

Your Aunt Katy and me have been talking, kid.

We got an idea we'd like to run past you.

W-what's happening, Moose? How's your dad?

About the same, Courtney.

You sure nothing's wrong? You seem real down.

My aunt and uncle want me and my brothers to move in with them while Dad recuperates.

It'll mean leaving Midtown High and going to New Jersey.

Ohmigosh! I...w-what are you going to do?

I... I don't know.

If it was just me, I'd stick it out here, but I'm not sure I can take care of my brothers by myself.

I gotta talk this over with Mayday.

May--?!

Y-you need *May?*

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Felicity has a point...

If you were really cut out for the *hero biz*, you'd find a way to make everything work--

--because that's what heroes *do!*

They find a way!

You'd figure out how to remain ***Spider-Girl***--

--beat the ***Scriers***--

--and carve out a *personal life* for yourself.

Looks like ***Chris Jarkoer*** has already gotten over you.

S'funny--a lot of boys have passed through your life, but none of them really qualifies as a boyfriend.

Your longest relationship has been with ***Moose Mansfield,*** and that's only because he's dating your best friend.

You've been so busy playing ***Spider-Girl*** that you're missing out on high school.

Maybe you ***should*** pack up your costume...

On the other hand, at least things couldn't possibly get any worse...

Somewhere in the *Caribbean*...

The organization I represent went to great expense to arrange this meeting.

How nice.

You will excuse me for not shaking hands.

I am afraid, however, that you have wasted your time and money.

I do not talk to psychiatrists, researchers or members of the press.

I assure you that I am none of the above.

I am not here to interview or analyze you.

I am already familiar with your history, and I know the facts of your case...

You are *Roderick Kingsley*, the man the world once knew as the *Hobgoblin*.

Your earlier forays into crime are unimportant.

Suffice it to say that you were already in the life when you somehow stumbled on a cache of weapons that once belonged to ***Norman Osborn***, the original ***Green Goblin.***

"You appropriated these weapons, designed a costumed identity for yourself and soon became a major crime figure--

"--whose efforts were often stalled by the original ***Spider-Man.***

"***Osborn*** was in Europe at the time. When he later returned to America, he wasn't *pleased*--

"--and you often *clashed* with him and his agents.

"I know I've left out a lot of meaningless details, but you eventually decided to enjoy the wealth you had accumulated--

"--and retired to a country that had no extradition treaties with the United States."

Unfortunately, a certain bounty hunter abducted you and brought you here.

Mr. Kingsley, the organization I represent wishes to engage your services.

We will even provide you with an opportunity to get your revenge on both the original ***Spider-Man*** and ***Norman Osborn.***

Are you interested?

I am...

Excellent!

As a gesture of good faith, we have taken the liberty of arranging your escape.

BAHR-ROOM!

MEEP!

I will remove your bonds in a moment.

That won't be necessary...

You've provided me with enough slack to free myself!

SHRAKKOOM!

I'll join you as soon as I've said my farewells--

--and thanked my guards for services rendered.

SHRAKK!

TSING

TSING

TSING

BUDDA BUDDA

THWOK!

SHKANG!

Shall we go?

MIDTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

MIDTOWN

Haven't seen you around these parts in a *llllong* while, missy-miss.

What you been doing?

Oh, the usual. Catching up on my studies--

--a lot of babysitting--

--and saving the world on occasion.

I can relate--

--except for the babysitting part.

How is young Ben, by the way?

Cute as a bug!

Although I may be a teeny bit prejudiced, being his big sis and all.

Hey, even I think he's already a heartbreaker.

I don't mean to pry, May...but you seem a little stressed these days.

Any way I can lighten the load?

I'm just feeling all sorts of *moan-y* and *sorry* for myself, Davida.

I used to know what I wanted.

I had a vision for my life.

But nothing's working out like I planned.

Welcome to my world, girl! Happens to me all the time.

Of course, that's when I immediately resort to *Plan B*--

--and *Plan B* always works!

What's *Plan B*?

Four simple words--

--find a NEW plan!

You'd better scoot before the rest of the team arrives for practice.

The coach may get the wrong idea if he spots you here.

Thanks for the game, Davida.

And the *advice*.

What was *that* all about?

I didn't ask you to sacrifice yourself for me.

I can take responsibility for my own actions.

What are you doing, Normie?

What are you planning?

Brenda, I know how much you hate working for Weadon. It'll be different with me.

My lawyers will draft an agreement that will allow me a lot more flexibility than you ever had.

Besides, you're going to need the extra time--

--to plan our *wedding.*

A-are you *serious?*

I love you, Brenda Drago, and I want to make you as happy as you make me.

I hope you don't mind, but I've already taken the liberty of setting the date and renting a hall.

Oh, Normie--!

Go! GO! GO! I want to see some spirit here, girls.

We need to put some wins in the column.

You used to love playing for Coach Thompson--

--and you really miss being part of the team.

If only you could find a way to negate your powers--

--so that you didn't have an unfair advantage over the other players.

Of course, then you'd also have to find a way to beat the *prophecy*...

Yeah, but you'll never be safe from the *Scriers* while you're still *Spider-Girl*...

Unless...

Isn't she great, Kristy?

She's lovely, Normie, and I sincerely wish you two the best of luck.

I...I'm just a little confused.

About--?!

Why exactly did you hire me? You're rich enough to get a really high-powered executive assistant.

I don't understand why you specifically sent for me or why you brought me to Weadon's place or why you want me to stand in the background whenever you're meeting with someone.

You were my nanny, Kristy. You helped raise me.

Now that my mother's gone, you're the person who knows me best.

Your mom was a great lady.

Yes, she *was*...

I sent for you because I need you.

While I truly believe that I am in full control of the ***Venom symbiote***, I could just be fooling myself.

Your real job is to keep an eye on me and make sure that I don't fall into the darkness.

If that should *ever* happen, it will be your responsibility to alert ***Spider-Girl***--

--so that she can ***destroy*** me!

I'm going to need some special equipment.

That's already been arranged.

Our agents bribed the prison's property clerk and visited your former villa.

Why would the *Scriers* help me get revenge on *Osborn?*

I thought he was somehow connected to your organization.

He *was.*

However, he eventually betrayed us--

--and we have a long memory when it comes to *traitors.*

Say no more! I can certainly understand a hunger for *vengeance.*

You don't have to stop *being* ***Spider-Girl*** to beat the prophecy...

You just have to stop *looking* like her.

At least the *traditional* her.

Meanwhile, somewhere in *South America*...

Master, I just received a disturbing report from one of our New York associates...

Rumor has it that the *Brotherhood of Scriers* has targeted *Spider-Girl* and marked her for death.

They have even contracted the services of one of her father's greatest enemies.

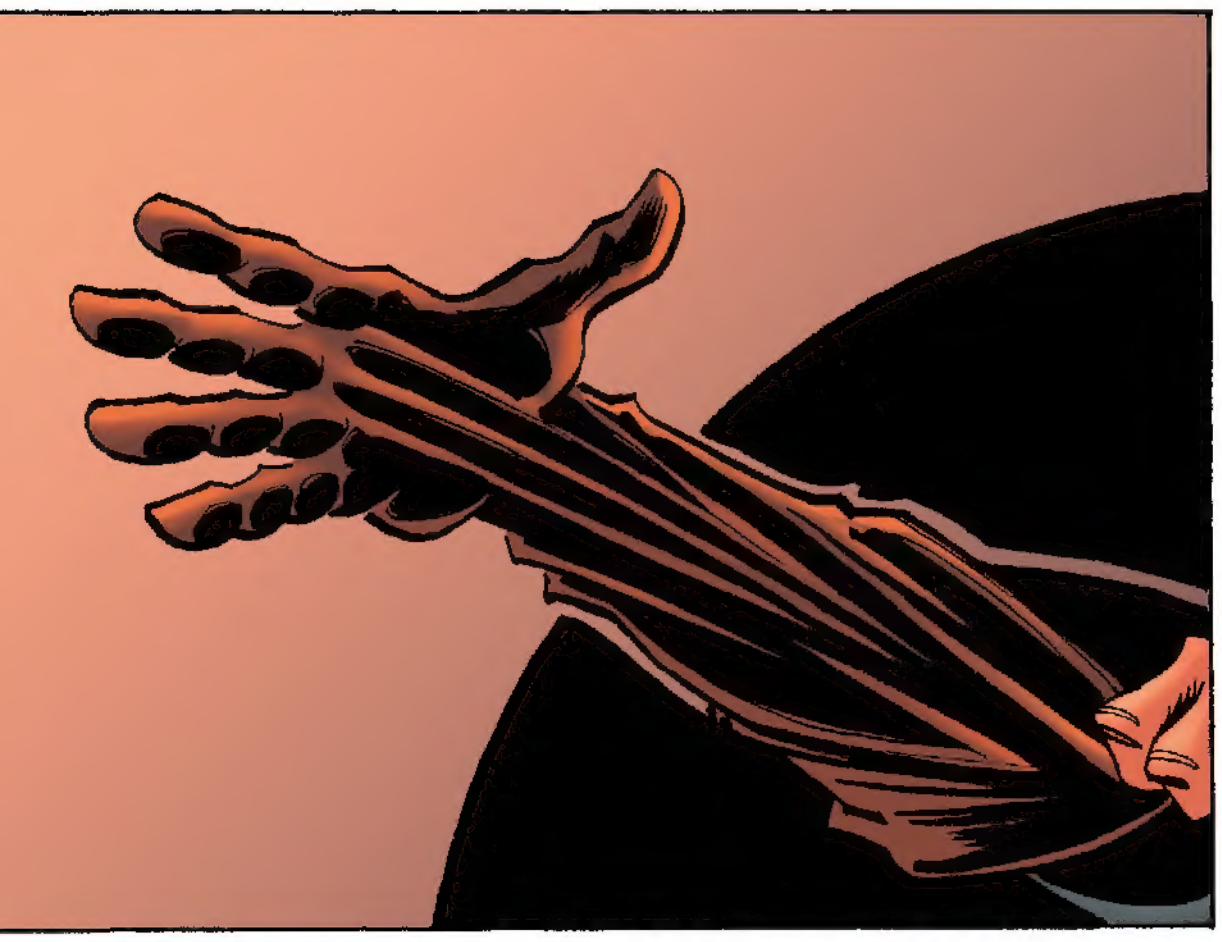
This is most *unexpected* and *unfortunate*.

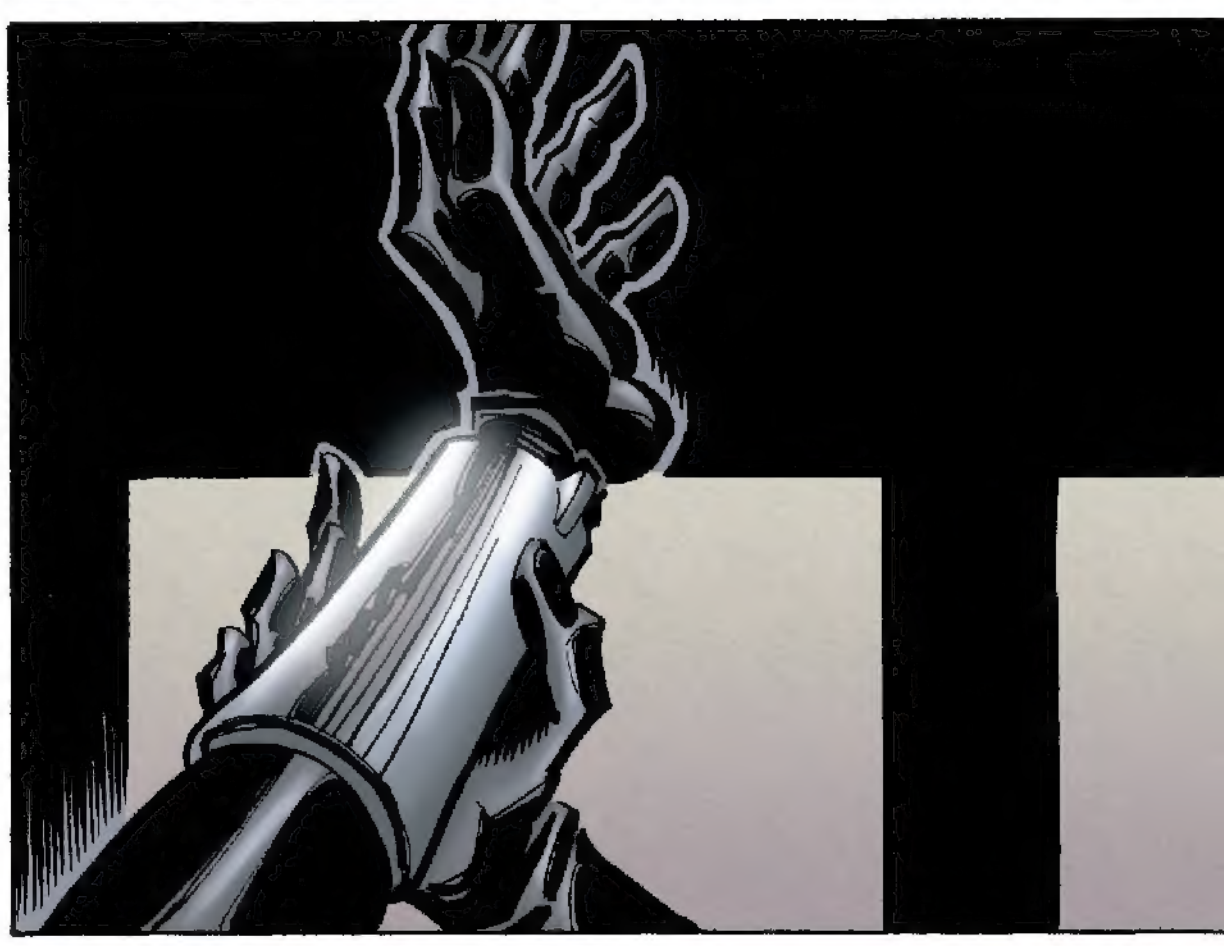
I was hoping that we could avoid a confrontation with the *Brotherhood*.

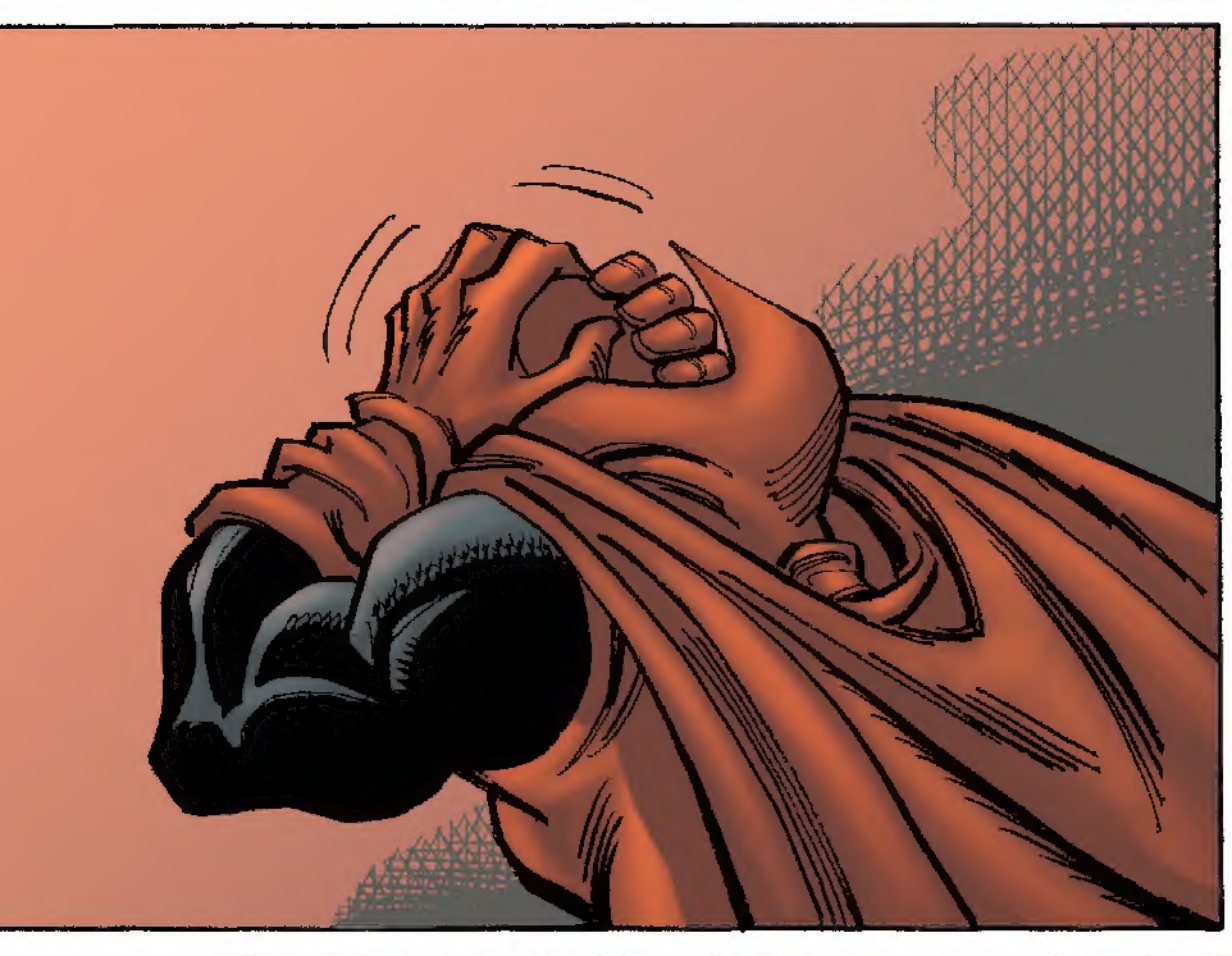
Oh, well...

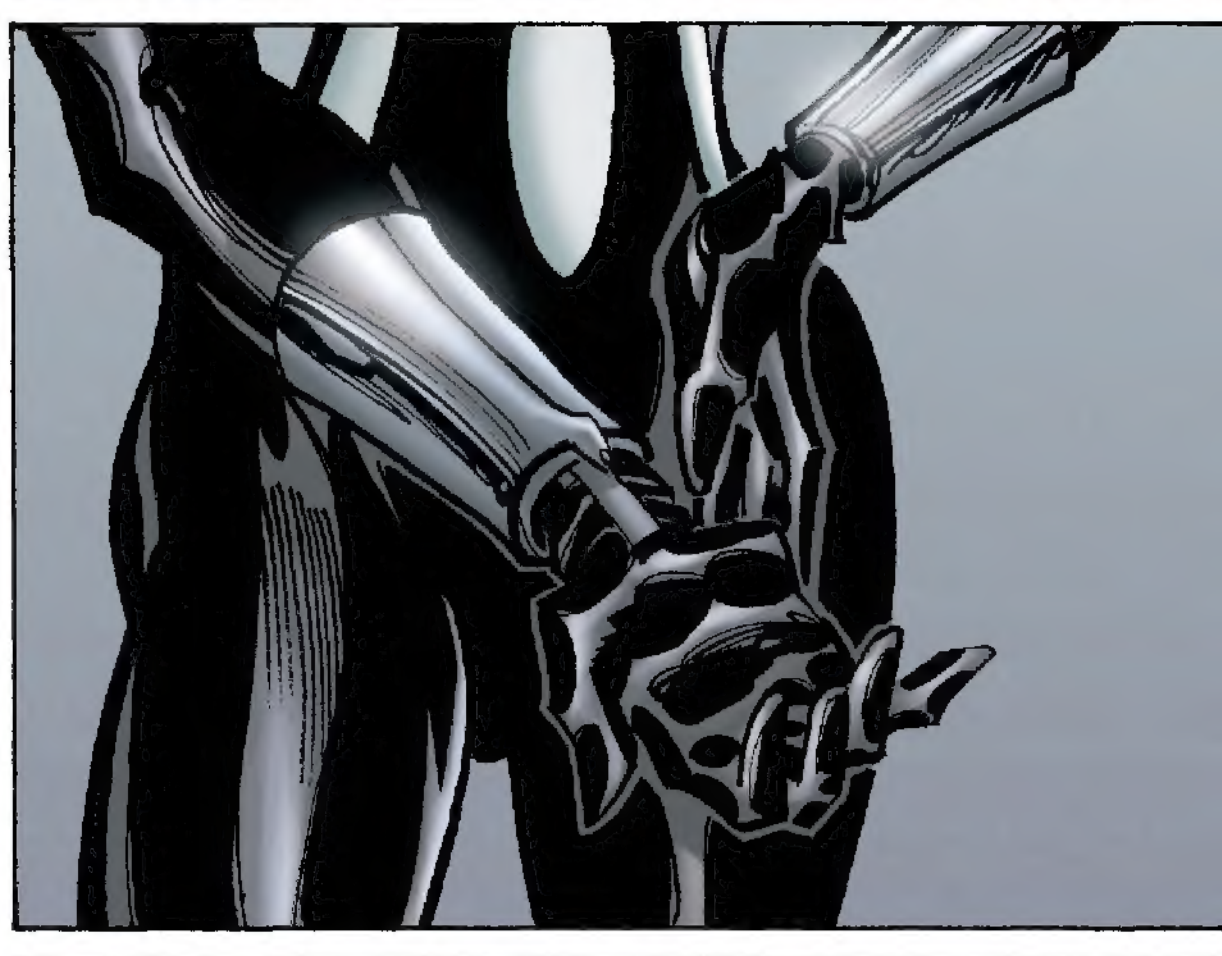
I suppose you should pack my bags, Chesbro.

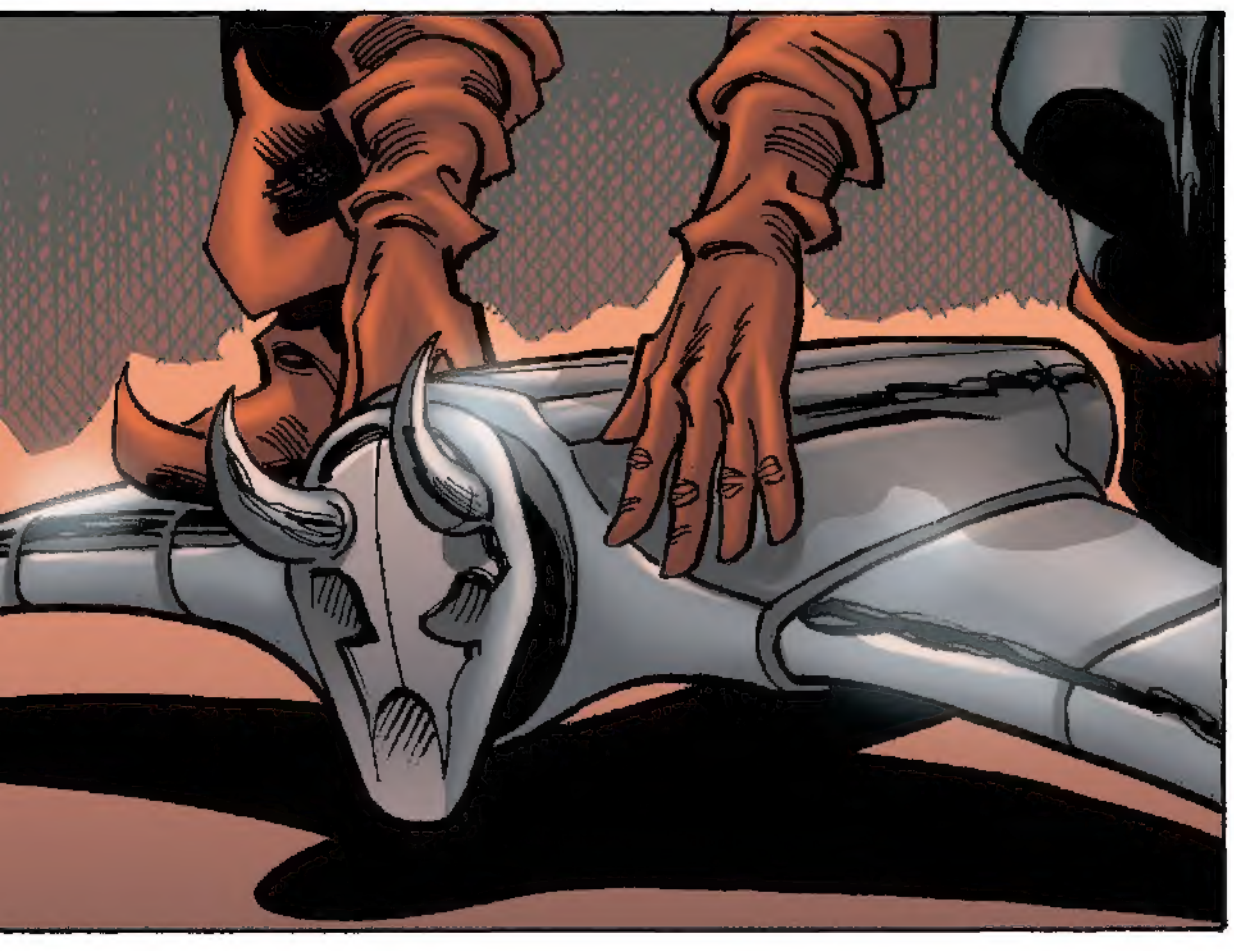
I have already attended to them, and your private jet is being fueled.

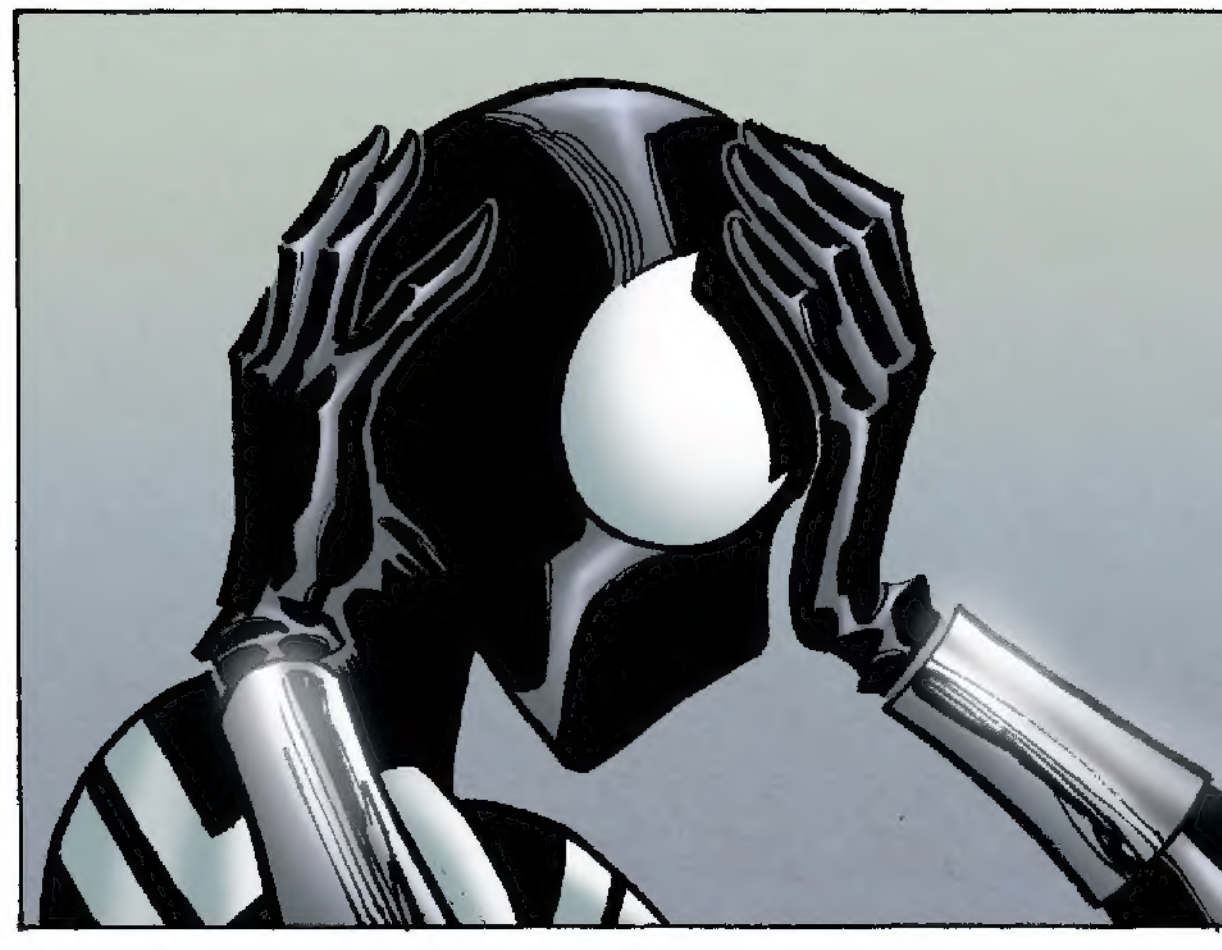












I'M BACK!